



trollcatz- approved, reasonably- healthy, incredibly delicious bread pudding



Chaz

 cvillette

<https://cvillette.livejournal.com/>

2007-12-15 23:36:00


MOOD: 😊 artistic

MUSIC: Andrew Bird - A Nervous Tic Motion of the Head to the Left

Bread pudding is Not Complicated.

Repeat after me.

Okay, here's what you do.

- 1) Put the kettle on and get out a saucepan, a whisk, a roasting pan, a mixing bowl, and a 9" square brownie pan.
- 2) Turn the oven on to preheat to 300.
- 3) Start heating up your small cast iron skillet on the stove on medium.
- 4) Butter the sides and bottom of a 9" square baking dish. Some people butter the bread too, but I have an easier way!
- 5) Put three cups of milk in the saucepan and set it on medium heat. Add: 1 bruised cardamom pod, a teaspoon or two of cinnamon, one tsp vanilla extract, a pinch of allspice, a couple of grates of fresh nutmeg. (Do not drop the nutmeg in the milk, or  Ometotchtli (<https://Ometotchtli.livejournal.com/>) will laugh at you.) Also, take a third of a vanilla bean, split it in half, scrape the seeds out, and put the seeds in the milk. Then put the two scraped halves of the pod in the milk as well. Why? Because vanilla is the king of spices, that's why!

You now have orchids pods, tree bark, dried flowers, and powdered fruit in your milk. That's kind of neat, isn't it?

6) Take a stale baguette and cut it into cubes. If you are me, you will have to get two baguettes, so you can distract yourself with one while the other goes stale. You could use raisin bread or challah or something, but that might be overkill.

7) Don't forget to check the milk. You want to scald it, not boil it.

8) Put a generous handful of walnuts or pecans in the skillet and toast them. You can do this by shaking the pan every thirty to sixty seconds so the nuts start to warm and release their oils and brown on the surface, without burning.

9) Put the cubes of bread in the buttered baking dish.

10) Sprinkle two or three handfuls of raisins over the bread cubes.

11) Keep checking the milk and shaking the walnuts!

12) In the mixing bowl, whisk together 4 eggs, a quarter of a teaspoon of salt, and a third of a cup of white sugar. Drop a tablespoon of butter in here.

13) Take the nuts off the heat and sprinkle them over the bread cubes. Do not burn yourself on the hot pan handle.

14) Put the big roasting pan in the preheated oven. Fill it about a half inch to an inch deep with boiling water from the kettle. Shut the oven door so it stays warm in there.

15) Begin tempering the eggs with the hot milk and spices. Add the milk a small splash at a time to the eggs while whisking constantly. Do not go too fast, or you will have scrambled eggs. Once it's more milk than eggs, it won't curdle and you can go faster. The butter will melt now. Go ahead and take the pieces of vanilla bean out, and the cardamom pod. If you can't find the cardamom pod, just tell the person who finds it that he is the King of the Bean and will be sacrificed to the fertility gods at the end of the night.

What you are doing is making a custard, by the way. Wasn't that easy?

15a) You can put a shot of good bourbon or scotch in the custard at this point. Yes, it's a sin to do anything with good scotch other

than drink it. Premarital sex is a sin too. Did that stop you?

16) Pour the custard over the bread. Smoosh the bread down into the custard so that it is thoroughly soaked.

17) Open the oven door.

18) Put the baking dish with the bread and milk in it into the water bath, without burning your hands.

19) Shut the door and go away for thirty minutes.

20) Come back, take pudding out of water bath without burning your hands if it is done, or put it back in for another five minutes if it isn't.

Eat with whipped cream or cardamom whipped cream or ice cream or a brandy or bourbon sauce, or all of the above.

21) Smell like vanilla until your next shower. There is no bad here.

Failure Modes:

You forgot to set the oven timer and burned it, you silly git.

You didn't use a water bath and screwed up the custard

Seriously, this is so easy one can even do it after several bheers, because one pan of brownies is not enough for two jammers on a winter's night.

Even if one does drop the nutmeg in the milk a little.

(Don't worry,  **trollcatz** (<https://trollcatz.livejournal.com/>), this is a very mild food and suitable for invalids.)

TAGS: [recipes](#)



[locked] Dream Journal

All right, unconscious mind. We're coming to an accommodation. If the dreams are you cleaning

Elvis doesn't live here anymore.

Hey there. Sorry about the drama. It was... it was an emotional decision, and I didn't

Poppets. Puppets. Poppet puppets. Scary.

25 comments



 trollcatz

December 16 2007, 05:01:46 UTC

COLLAPSE

Reading between the lines, I can't figure out how you didn't burn your fingerprints off from baking while under the influence. o.O *g*

But I'm very glad you didn't. Also, the reason why I think you may be able to teach me to make my own food when other attempts have failed?

You never make it sound all damned *serious*.




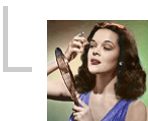
 cvillette

December 16 2007, 05:05:26 UTC

COLLAPSE

Cooking is like sex. If you are not enjoying yourself, you are doing it wrong.

(Only one small burn. First degree, smaller than a dime. I hit the oven rack with my arm.  Ometotchtli laughed at me.)



 Ometotchtli

December 16 2007, 05:10:47 UTC

COLLAPSE

The things you find to say at times like that fill me with glee. What can I say?



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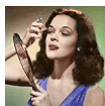
December 16 2007, 05:14:33 UTC

COLLAPSE

Every single one of those words is in the dictionary.

Some dictionary.

Somewhere.



 [Ometotchtli](#)

[December 16 2007, 05:16:53 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Like poetry, man. >+3



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[December 16 2007, 05:20:15 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

I've been studying up on how Brady and Duke do it.



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[December 16 2007, 15:57:01 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

You never make it sound all damned serious.

...Oh!

Daphs, that's because it's *not*. It's not the dayjob. Nobody's going to die if you ruin dinner.

Nothing is on the line except \$5.00-\$15.00 worth of ingredients and having to order takeout. Which can be a crisis if you are really broke, but if you are really broke you're making pasta anyway, and you can eat that even if you fuck it up.

K?

(And everybody likes takeout.)



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[December 16 2007, 16:30:16 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Huh...



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[December 16 2007, 16:39:21 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Yeah.

See?

It's a *hobby*.



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[December 16 2007, 16:53:42 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

...

So you're saying that the impressions of homemaking activities I received as a result of being raised by a perfectionist engineer might not perfectly reflect reality?



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[December 16 2007, 17:04:15 UTC](#)


[COLLAPSE](#)

I'm saying you can try the new recipes out on yourself before you test them on friends. *g*

Or, as Julia Child famously said, "Just remember, you're alone in the kitchen!" and "No matter what happens in the kitchen, never apologize!"

You know, she was about your age when she learned to cook?



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[December 16 2007, 17:13:35 UTC](#)

[COLLAPSE](#)

Aw! You destroyer of illusions! Not baby Julia, pink and plump and beaming like on TV, teething on a wooden spoon in her cradle and cooing, "Roux!"?

Well, then there's hope for me. Perhaps one day I'll have a little pot roast of my very own. *g*

(But honestly, Me: still not in the Profiler Hall of Fame, apparently. 'Scuse me while I get this log out of my eye.)



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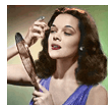
[December 16 2007, 17:16:44 UTC](#)

[COLLAPSE](#)

"In cooking you've got to have a what-the-hell attitude!"

She also really liked exclamation points.

I always kind of wished she was my grandmother.



 [Ometochtli](#)

[December 16 2007, 17:32:47 UTC](#)

[COLLAPSE](#)

Spiritually, she so is. "What the hell," indeed. *g*

I learned to cook Chinese from a novel. Chinese cookbooks: fifty ingredients for every dish, weird-ass preparation, special tools. I kept fucking up like eeuw.

Then I read *China Mountain Zhang* by Maureen McHugh. (Yes, I had to Google it, Mr. I-Never-Forget-A-Anything. It was a long time ago.) The guy in it makes dinner. I mean, like a bird flies. And I thought, Chinese is just like other food. See what you've got in the fridge, and cook it. Wow.

I was sorta freaked by that, really.



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[December 16 2007, 17:37:03 UTC](#)

[COLLAPSE](#)

Heck, maybe she was my grandmother. Who could tell? (Julia Child had a secret daughter in Fred, Texas...

...maybe not.)

See what you've got in the fridge, and cook it.

Just cut it up smaller. Or put it in dumplings. *g*

I'm roasting a chicken tonight. And making dumplings, once I decide what to fill them with.



 [matociquala](#)

[December 16 2007, 17:46:42 UTC](#)

[COLLAPSE](#)

Do you have a good recipe for steamed bun dough? Pls?



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[December 16 2007, 17:47:19 UTC](#)

[COLLAPSE](#)

Oh, yeah. I post after I get this batch started and the next load of laundry in.



 [inaurolillium](#)

[January 18 2008, 06:33:07 UTC](#)

[COLLAPSE](#)

One of the scarier chefs at my culinary school shouts to the class at large, at least once in every class period, "Are we having fun yet? Because this is COOKING! It's SUPPOSED to be FUN!" with a huge manic shit-eating grin. (This is actually part of why he's scary.)

You can, by the way, get a denser, more homogenous result by cooling the custard, mixing the custard with the bread, and refrigerating overnight before cooking (add at least 20min cook time, though). I personally prefer the denser style, but then I also prefer chocolate chips to raisins, and to replace half the milk with heavy cream. (This has nothing to do with why I am, um, zoftig, no...)



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[January 18 2008, 11:53:01 UTC](#)

[COLLAPSE](#)

That sounds delicious.

And like a heart attack waiting to happen.

Sometimes I do the weight-it-and refrigerate thing, but it's often Emergency Calories around here....



[inaurolillium](#)

[January 18 2008, 12:30:12 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Yeah, well, we dish it out in 2-oz portions at the [restaurant](#). We do not eat the whole thing in one sitting between two or three friends. It mitigates the heart-attack-waiting-to-happen fact a little. (Not by much, though. OMG, you should see our entrees. Heaps of protein, mostly smothered in rich sauces, half a potato on the side, and garnished with some token veggies.)



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[January 18 2008, 12:32:12 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Life is a terminal illness, man.

Especially if you eat too much restaurant food...

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[December 16 2007, 05:10:39 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

It's the easiest thing on earth. The only tricky bit is the egg tempering, and that just takes a little patience.

My bread pudding is not very sweet, because I like to be able to taste the nuts and raisins and vanilla and anyway you put hard sauce on it! You could use twice as much sugar for a more dessert thing.

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[December 16 2007, 05:15:32 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Make night before!

(I am trying very hard not to make large sad eyes that there is no Czechoslovakian dinner here right now!)

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[cvillette](#)

[December 16 2007, 05:20:45 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

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[December 19 2007, 03:08:42 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

I learned in self-preservation.

When you eat like I do... takeout can break the bank.

[locked] Dream Journal

All right, unconscious mind. We're coming to an accommodation. If the dreams are you cleaning

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